

The Bucks County Gazette
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JERRY O. THOMAS & SON
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STATE CONVENTION
EQUAL SUFFRAGISTS
The Proceedings of the Sessions Held at Newtown, This County, Last Week.

That the signs of the times are encouraging was evidenced last week at Newtown when representatives of the various suffrage societies of the county met for the annual convention of the Bucks County Equal Suffrage Association.

Mr. Roosevelt is still in Africa. They are not in peace with the trusts. They are even more doubtful today than they were a year ago.

The Republican party and the Sugar Trust. They say the New York Times have for many years, as we may say, dwelt together in the same nest.

At a State election on Monday, Alabama voters defeated a prohibition amendment to the State constitution by a majority of about 20,000.

There has just been published a letter from John Bigelow declining an invitation to attend the recent annual banquet of the New York chamber of commerce.

The disbursement of two Ohio lawyers, formerly judges of the common pleas at Ashland, for having aided while on the bench the disposition of an estate in litigation and on

The Hallford Age Gazette deals with a neglected or forgotten fact in the deeper waterways agitation as follows:

Comparisons are often made between the cost of transportation on the ocean or on the great lakes, and the cost of transportation by rail.

NEW CHILD LABOR LAW
Thousands as there are a large number of children in Bristol who will be affected by the new law, it will be of local interest to know that the new child labor law which goes into effect on January 1, 1910, will not operate in the Bristol mills, but in the shops of the city.

MAGGIE WINDER'S SEASON RECORD
Champion 3-Year-Old Pacing Filly
Won Every Heat in Every Race Contested.

The first editor of the Philadelphia Record published the following in Sunday's edition of that paper concerning the phenomenal career of Maggie Winder, the world's fastest three-year-old mare.

By the provisions of the new law, which places the working age limit at 14 years, the power of granting these working licenses is put into the hands of the school authorities, and those licensed by the school authorities are not to be employed in any factory or mine.

Beginning at eleven o'clock on the 22nd with executive sessions, meetings were held at nine and ten a.m., and 2:30 and 4:30 p.m., till the convention of the 24th, when the convention adjourned.

Research and statistics show that race preservation and the well being of the race depend largely on the maintenance of the color line.

Miss Lucetta L. Houghton, of Philadelphia, of the advisory board of the National Association of Women's Suffrage Societies, was the first speaker.

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Smokeless
Until science discovered a way to construct the Automatic Smokeless Device, and make it completely dependable, all oil heaters had one common great fault—smoke.

PERFECTION Oil Heater
(Equipped with Smokeless Device)
The smoke problem was successfully solved.

Automatic Smokeless Device
which insures a steady, full-glowing heat, with the wide range of adjustment, and without a shred of smoke.

Now is the time to purchase a HOT WATER BOTTLE
Buy one early to keep you warm this long, cold winter.

SERRILL DOUGLASS PHARMACIST
Cor. Dorrance and Wood Sts., Bristol, Pa.

Double Trading Stamps Friday and Saturday
We get them fresh three times a week. Just received eight varieties of pound cakes—Marble, Walnut, Lady, Dark Fruit, Light Fruit, Merry Widow, Plain and Citron cake.

IVINS' CAKES
We get them fresh three times a week. Just received eight varieties of pound cakes—Marble, Walnut, Lady, Dark Fruit, Light Fruit, Merry Widow, Plain and Citron cake.

Tea & Coffee Specials
15 Extra Stamps with each lb. of Tea. 50 Extra Stamps with each lb. of Tea.

A FEW SPECIALS IN SOAP
Six cakes Babbitt's Soap, 25c
Six cakes Ozone Soap, 25c
2 cakes Armour's Toilet Soap, 5c

Dr. J. W. Dorland DENTIST
325 Radcliffe Street
Bristol, Pa.

CUT PRICES
CHILDS' CO. STORES
Childs' Rolled Oats, pkg., 7c
3 lbs. Best Laundry Starch, 10c

Peas, can, 8c Radish, 4c
Sweet Florida Oranges, doz., 19c
Ceylon Blend Mixed Tea, 40c
Santa Clara Prunes, lb., 8c

Tomatoes, 7c Corn, 9c
12c pkg. Childs' Buckwheat, 10c
3 large boxes Matches, 10c
3 five-cent cans Sardines, 10c

White Norway Mackerel, 7c
Flour, bag, 38c Butter, 39c
Asparagus Tips, can, 20c
Cream Chocolates, lb., 15c

Golden Peaberry Coffee, lb., 19c
CHILDS' STORES
Mill and Cedar Streets, Bath Street, above Office, Wood and Dorrance Sts.

3 ten-cent cans Solid Pack Tomatoes, 25c
3 ten-cent cans Early June Peas, 25c
3 ten-cent cans York State Corn, 25c
3 ten-cent cans String Beans, 25c

Sweet Bucks County Cider, qt., 5c
Fine Cranberries, new crop, qt., 8c
Cauliflower, 10c and 15c
Black Walnuts, half-peck, 20c

Best Kalamazoo Celery, stalk, 5c
Good Quality Sour Kroot, qt., 5c
Home-made Mince Meat, lb., 10c
Taylor's Pork Roll, per lb., 20c

3 lbs. New Buckwheat, self-raising, 12c
York State Tub Butter, lb., 37c
6 small Norway Mackerel, 25c
No. 2 Norway Mackerel, 15c

New Dates, per package, 10c
Nos. 241-243 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.

The Bucks County Gazette
LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

A daughter was born on Monday to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Vanhook, of Philadelphia.

John H. Wood has sold a trace land 184110 feet on Cornish Street, Philadelphia for \$470.

Frank C. Chambers, of Philadelphia, has been elected to the position of president of the Bristol Electric Light and Power Company.

It is proposed to extend Broad Street from the intersection of the street to the intersection of the street.

A special meeting of the Executive Committee of the Bucks County Equal Suffrage Association will be held on Monday evening, November 15, at 8 o'clock.

William L. Johnson and family, of Lehigh Valley, Pa., are visiting in Bristol.

Richard Trudgen was severely injured on Saturday last by a fall from a horse while working on a crossing at the corner of Market and Broad streets.

The whole community will be pleased to know that Miss Laura E. King has completely recovered from the illness which she has been suffering from since her arrival in Bristol.

A jury of view appointed by the Court will inspect the bridge on Radcliffe street at the Hollow creek this morning at eleven o'clock.

The Battle

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT
Novelized from the Author
From His Great Play of
the Same Name
Copyright 1920 by C. W. Dillingham Co.

CHAPTER IX

HAGGLETON'S JOURNALS

MORAN leered at Haggleton when he announced his determination to throw up the job. The mill owner, however, had not intended to make an announcement of importance.

"You asked me that first night," he said to Moran, "if I was going to show you how to run these bakers. And I told you to listen. Well, I am going to do it. Listen, all of you. I am going to take you in with me."

"Not me," said Moran. "I am going to listen to what he has to say," said Philip's answer.

Haggleton saw that he had won a victory—he had succeeded in interesting Philip.

"If you're not in a hurry, Moran," he remarked as they finished breakfast, "I am going to show you how to run these bakers. And I told you to listen. Well, I am going to do it. Listen, all of you. I am going to take you in with me."

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Yes, in Catharine street. Good! They must get the bakers into the combination, show him all the advantages, and, if necessary, give him a bonus. The bakers' machine must be set up there. It wouldn't cost him a cent, as the combination would assume all expenses.

The rest would be easy. Six other bakers must agree to buy from the combination thirty or forty barrels of flour a week, or whatever quantity they usually bought, or, in express stipulation that they get it at 10 per cent off the jobber's price. And they must make themselves responsible for this amount of flour, so many car loads, by signing a joint note payable to the mill owners in thirty days.

Philip thought that the mill owners might refuse to accept such a note, but Haggleton was sure the thing could be accomplished.

"How can one machine knead the dough from half a dozen bakeries?" asked Philip.

"That's easy," said Haggleton; "we'll have a horse and truck."

"What to carry the machine?"

"No," said Haggleton; "each baker will mix his own dough in his own weighing trough, and then we'll put the troughs on a truck and haul them to the place where we run the machine. When the flour is kneaded we'll haul them back."

"How long will the kneading take?" questioned Philip.

"Ten minutes for one batch of dough," answered Moran; "say 700 pounds of dough. That's with the machine. You can make a man a hour."

"You see what we have," remarked Haggleton.

"What's the rest of that basement?"

"Thirty dollars," said Moran.

"Suppose I offered him the basement free and guaranteed as much business as he does now. Do you think he'd go into a scheme I've got?"

"Yes," said Moran.

"Well, there's money in these bakers—money for all of us. What kind of a man is your boss anyway?"

"Italian—once a rascal."

"Can he be manager?"

"He can if he wants to," growled Moran; "but you've got to show him first."

"I'll show him right."

"That's right," said Haggleton. "What do you know about running a bakery?"

"Haggleton smiled. "What do you know about it?" he asked.

"Six or seven dollars a barrel."

"When do you buy it from?"

"Haggleton looked at him steadily, his eyes showing little pity, half contempt. "No wonder you people are so poor. You don't know anything about business—than children in the street."

Haggleton asked more questions, going into the details of the bread-making industry, waxes, methods of work, cost of equipment, etc., moving rapidly from point to point, until, finally, he had upon one fact of moment to him—namely, that there was a machine for kneading dough, a machine run by electricity which would do the work of six men and run on better bread than could be made by hand.

"Ah," exclaimed the old man, "now we're getting at it! I'd like to see that machine."

"You'll have to go uptown to a big bakery."

"None down here?"

"Moran smiled. "A machine like that costs \$500."

Haggleton looked pleased. "Good! Now, how many bakeries are there in your town, say within two or three blocks?"

"Eleven."

"That's enough. We'll make a combination of six or eight, we'll let them flour for less than they pay their jobbers and—"

"How will you do that?" interrupted Haggleton.

"We'll get it by the cat's paw from the mills. Then we'll have one of those machines and do all the kneading for the combination. We save on wages and under the new plan a bigger business because we sell better bread, so we make money both ways."

"It's a regular trust," said Haggleton.

"Yes," admitted Haggleton, "it's a bakery trust."

"What capital have you got?" asked Philip.

"Ever hear of promoters?" asked the millionaire. "Well, I am promoting this. The bakers need that machine; the manufacturer is perfectly willing to supply it on terms that guarantee him his money, even if he has to wait for it. A chaffed mortgage given by the members of the trust. I am about to organize with ten good security unless I am much mistaken. I could use \$500 to advance right now."

"A hundred dollars," said Moran.

"Moran. What can you do with that?"

Haggleton bared his teeth like an old wolf. "In \$500 you can get a grip on Manhattan Island and never let go, if you know how."

Philip was deeply impressed. He was stimulated, yet vaguely alarmed. Haggleton was awakening in him qualities of mind and vision longings that had lain dormant thus far and that he recognized now with some uneasiness. He had sometimes wondered if he possessed business ability, but had given the matter little thought, feeling sure that his work lay in the street.

"This plan was wisely working in his brain one morning shortly after the launching of the bakery trust, and Joe was setting things to rights in the room and discussing Mr. Jackson's achievements.

Joe suddenly started. "I drew ten bones a week if I cut out pool room."

"How?"

"In the bakery scheme."

"The bakery scheme," repeated Joe thoughtfully. "That's what Phil is talking about all the time now."

"Phil listens to what Mr. Jackson has to say, all right. He takes a lot of interest in him."

"Yes, he's here most of the time. Jenny looked at the wire's picture on the wall, her eyes widening a little."

"You remember what I told you, Joe?"

"About Phil? Sure. Little Jenny wants him all to herself. And if she can't have him for herself then the trained nurse and the doctor will be dear little star borders to the hospital had better look out for herself."

"I will tell you one thing," he observed. "If I had a million dollars I wouldn't see me driving back to town."

"You're third street. No, man! I'd make brother cough up. He's not nothing but money, or his life."

"How do you know that she has a rich brother?"

"Why, you know it too."

"I do not."

"Why, Jenny, weren't you sure for his?"

"Good God!"

Jenny stared at him with startled eyes, then she looked at her brother.

She began to walk up and down restlessly, muttering to herself.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! You say Mr. Jackson is the sister of Howard Lawrence, up in Sixty-third street?"

"Well, what about Lawrence?" asked Joe.

"Oh, nothing. I thought it strange that his sister should be here among us. That's all."

"Is it?" thought Joe. "Not by a long shot. You can't fool me."

"What time is it?"

"Listen, Joe," pleaded Jenny. "You said that you would help me. Now you must. I want to be alone with you."

Philip. I have an idea."

"I will help you."

"I want you to write Phil a note."

explained Jenny feverishly. "Tell him that you are in great trouble and must see him at once here. And tell him to come alone—do you understand, alone?"

Philip's thoughts flew back to her. He would be sure to know of the old life she had left for Philip's sake. She was beautiful, she knew it! He should know it too. Her beauty and this strange discovery which she had suddenly made concerning Margaret Lawrence's relationship—she held two cards now. She would play them!

Joe read her thought fairly accurately. Whatever it was that she knew about Howard Lawrence was to be used as an argument to win Philip's love, or at least to bring Margaret's hold upon his affection.

"But say, Jenny," said Joe, "what is there in it for me? I am not asking you to give me money. I'm only asking for the loan of a dollar until I begin to draw my salary from Mr. Jackson."

"No," said Jenny. "I will give him the money."

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